

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1919

Reedy's
MIRROR

IN THIS ISSUE

A Strike Struck World

Various Aspects of the Labor Discontent

The Feuds in the Democratic Party

Plots and Counter-Plots for the 1920 Campaign

The Third Degree for the Liberal Press

How the Lusk Committee Terrorizes the Opposition

by the Editor

The Vision of Tasso

A Poem of a Poet's Unhappy Love, by Edgar Lee Masters

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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVIII. No. 38

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1919

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," REEDY'S MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to REEDY'S MIRROR, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Steel Strike Politics

By William Marion Reedy

IN A STRIKE stricken world, the steel strike holds the center of the stage, obscuring for a time even the debate about the League of Nations. Indeed the steel strike may determine the fate of the league in the Senate. Vast issues are involved. Behind the strike is the movement for the nationalization of the country's key industries—railroads, steel and mines. It involves in a way the Plumb plan for railroad reconstruction. It bears upon the President's proclaimed policy of the democratization of industry. The whole cause of collective bargaining hangs on it. The American Federation of Labor stakes practically everything upon it. Even though Samuel Gompers counseled postponement of the strike until after the President's labor and capital conference shall have acted upon the labor situation as a whole, no one doubts that he was really in sympathy with the movement. John Fitzpatrick, who leads in the steel strike, represents the labor element in the federation that is opposed to Gompers, the element that favors a labor party for direct political action. Secretary Foster is shown by a book he wrote to be a syndicalist and a proponent of the general strike, with implications of sabotage and all the rest of the realities that go with Sorel's myth. It is just these implications of the situation that moved the President to try to get Judge Gary of the Steel Trust to discuss the unionization of the industry with the labor leaders. Gary, as we know, refused to meet the leaders saying they did not represent his employees. To prove they do represent these employees the strike is called. Judge Gary has said there is nothing to arbitrate. President Wilson thinks there is, and has called his conference to arbitrate, and to adjust if possible, all industrial strife. Labor has not waited upon the President's conference. Neither has Judge Gary. Three hundred thousand steel works employees are involved. The conflict ramifies throughout the whole country. It means a strike on the shipping of the Great Lakes. It may take in after a while the unions of railroad workers and the big Brotherhoods, since the steel mills cannot run without railroad service. There may be endless building strikes over the use in construction of "scab" steel. And all discontented labor everywhere tends to go in and strike in sympathy with the steel workers. Already police and militia near Pittsburgh have broken up unionists' meetings with clubs and pistols. There may be more trouble very soon. But the steel corporation believes that most of its workers will not strike. It relies upon the fact that thousands of its workers are stockholders to hold them loyal if not intimidated. How many men have gone out we cannot now determine, but that most of the big mills are crippled is evident from the newspaper dispatches.

Behind the labor uprising are other things than those I have mentioned. There is a push to get Gary out of power in the corporation.

Pierpont Morgan junior is in Europe and financiers opposed to him and his protégé Gary are here on the job. If Gary loses the strike it is good bye Gary. People in Wall Street know that a man not friendly to Gary is close to the President on this strike matter. That man is Barney Baruch, and it was he whom President Wilson sent to Gary to ask him to arbitrate. Baruch has been close to Samuel Gompers too. How Gompers stands in relation to President Wilson everybody knows. In Wall Street it is believed there is no love lost between Baruch and Gary. The two men clashed hard and often when Baruch was on the chief board of all war boards at Washington. But of course Baruch is a Wall Street man and not a unionist, though he did talk big in favor of better labor conditions while in Paris on the reparations commission. Charles M. Schwab is more liberal than Gary and likes him not overmuch from of old. Standard Oil is said to be favorably disposed towards those who would be glad to see Gary out of control of the steel corporation. This is the gossip of Wall Street. Down there they think that Baruch may get Gary, that the action of the President's big conference will put Gary in the wrong and consequently out of his present job. They see the issue as settling down to the question whether Gary is a bigger man than President Wilson who is publicly committed to that collective bargaining and democratization of industry to which Gary stands opposed. To the extent that Barney Baruch is "in good" with the President, Gary is "in bad," in Wall Street opinion. The Steel Trust is up against an administration ultra-favorable to labor. William Randolph Hearst, who is on terms of social intimacy with Gary, has declared that Samuel Gompers is president of the United States. This and a Hearstian blast against the Boston police strike lines up Hearst with the Steel Trust on the principle of "anything to beat Wilson." All this may be highly imaginative, but it is a factor in making some people believe that it more than offsets whatever advantage Gary has had in the fact that he has had ample time to forefend the corporation against the strike. In effect it means that Wall Street elements believe that when the strike reaches the stage of arbitration before the President's conference, the decision will be against Gary and in favor of the Wilsonian programme of industrial democratization and collective bargaining. Gary's attitude is not conducive to industrial peace in this country. It is an attitude antiquated since the beginning of the war. Big business opinion has moved away from it. There is not the general support for it there would have been six years ago. For this President Wilson's course in relation to labor is responsible. Judge Gary is largely flocking by himself. And in addition to organized labor and administration influence there is opposed to him all the financial forces which never could be brought to fight him while the elder Morgan was alive and actively

supporting him. Just how those forces are to be brought to bear against Gary in the President's conference is not clear. It seems an extravagant absurdity to assert that the conference is stacked against him, yet that is what some people think and put into the phrase "Barney Baruch has got his."

How much the labor leaders know of this alleged condition and what they will do if they believe it to be as speculatively said, cannot be stated. The inference back of it all is that there will be big doings in U. S. Steel on the stock market. Wall Street wise ones say now is the time to buy. But a strike is easier to start than to stop and it may get out of hand. The radicals may override Gompers and demands may take such form as President Wilson cannot support and Barney Baruch cannot listen to. We shall see. Meanwhile the situation is moving up to the President and his conference, both the trust and the unions having declined to make a truce at his request. The President seems from his own utterances to be more on Labor's than on Gary's side. His supporters say that if his treaty were ratified the discontent manifest in the strike would be much diminished. Headed homeward he is saying that too. Barney Baruch is saying it, so is Herbert Hoover. The President, Mr. Gompers and all his friends are not above using the strike as an argument against the senators who fight the treaty. Moreover Republican senators don't want anything to happen to the Steel Trust which coughs up for their party. They may

look more kindly upon the league and treaty if they can prevent a crimp being put in Steel. Fantastic some people will call this. But maybe Judge Gary will not be among them. For myself, I believe in collective bargaining and the democratization, though not the nationalization, of industry by the strike method, and all the industrial and economic news from European countries shows that the stars in their courses are working against Judge Gary. It is unionization eventually, why not now?

President Wilson returns to Washington quite cockily. He feels that he has greatly strengthened himself with the people by his speeches. It is my opinion that most people believe he has the better of his opponents. He will get back on the job ready to turn the strike or anything else to his advantage in the league fight. He will open the conference as soon as he gets back and he will say something on the labor question that will win big support for the league, whether or not it will contain any comfort for the steel corporation. Many steel workers may stick with the corporation, but it will have hard work operating if miners will not mine and railroad men will not carry material raw or finished to or from its mills. The strikers' prospect of winning is about as good as Judge Gary's, all things considered. Indeed I think they have a shade the better of the situation. And that shade is chiefly the justice of their demands under the new social and economic dispensation.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

The Third Degree for the Liberal Press

By William Marion Reedy

IN New York an investigation is on which, if the full details were known about it, would probably come as near to inaugurating an uprising as anything one could imagine. I refer to the operations of the Lusk investigating committee of the New York legislature. This is a committee appointed to snoop for sedition and treason and disloyalty and disaffection and whatever else you may call that attitude of mind which is opposed to the way things are going on in this country domestically and internationally. The Lusk committee carries over into these peace time the espionage methods that were possibly excusable during the war. First it started out to break up the Rand School, because Socialism is taught there and Bolshevik pamphlets were found there. The school was founded and a charter was granted it expressly permitting the inculcation of the social doctrines in which its founder, Mrs. Rand, mother-in-law *en secondes nocces* of Prof. George D. Herron, supported him. The school or rather its teachers never taught the doctrine of violent overthrow of government. It taught a political philosophy, Socialism, opposed to that of the majority of people in this country, a better distribution of wealth among the people. It taught internationalism rather than nationalism—which doctrine now is being extensively advocated by no less a person than the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson. But the Lusk committee wants to break up and abolish the Rand School. Proceedings are pending for the forfeiture of its charter. This is what freedom of thought has come to mean in this country. This is freedom of teaching under the new dispensation. No one shall learn anything that the State does not want taught. No one shall

think of anything the State or the persons temporarily in control of it, do not want thought. It is as much a crime to try to teach a new economic fact or theory as it was in another time four hundred years ago to teach a new astronomical fact or theory. At this rate we shall now have the State teaching its own brand of religion or irreligion as the case may be, and that is the fundamental cause of the opposition of a great many people to the national education bill now pending in Congress. Prussianism asserts itself in its deadliest form in this activity of the advocates of what they call 100 per cent Americanism in this country. The war on the Rand School is a movement for the strait-jacketing of education for the institutionizing of the popular mind, for making the people believe what the masters of the State want the people to believe. And what the masters of the State want the people to believe is that the masters of the State are masters by right of their accord with Truth. Education is to be made an instrumentality for the subjection of the many to the few. And few voices are raised against this. The press is dumb.

The press is scared into silence. It is afraid of the Lusk committee. For the Lusk committee is now investigating the press and throwing the fear of the law into it. The committee has not taken up the daily press yet. It is dealing only with the radical press. Within the past week the committee has had before it the owners, editors, managers of the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *Dial*, the *Liberator*, the *Call*. Three or four smaller publications, all radical, have suspended under the terrorization exercised by the Lusk committee. The owners, managers and editors of the *Nation*, the *New Republic* and the *Dial* when

hailed before the committee have been asked to take an oath to tell the committee the truth and not to discuss outside the committee room any of the questions they were asked therein. The questions asked have had to do with the opposition of those papers to the League of Nations, to this country's war upon Russia, to the treatment of conscientious objectors, to the fate of Ireland, India, Egypt under the covenant. In short, the Lusk committee wants to find out if there is any foreign money back of their positions. The committee wants to find out if there is well financed concerted action between all the liberal or radical papers concerning most of the issues raised by and persisting since the war. The papers have to produce their books and show their receipts of all money. If any one suspected say of pro-Germanism has sent in a year's subscription for the paper it has to be explained. Were the Irish-named subscribers put on the books at the instance of some German agents? Why does the paper take this or that position as to the subjects with which it chiefly deals? What is the object in certain editorials against the President or his policies? Who pays for this advertisement or that, and how much? Where did the confirmation come from on which certain articles were based? Are the papers getting any Irish money or Russian money, or any money from any nationalist propaganda antagonistic to the treaty? Who paid for articles condemnatory of this country's treatment of the negro? Such is the line of inquiry. The committee proceeds upon the theory that the papers are all corrupted by funds subscribed in antagonism to the United States interests and purposes and ideals. The owners of the papers say that their course is dictated by devotion to American ideals which they consider violated by the present administration. But they have to bring their books to the committee room and throw them open to inspection.

I don't know that the committee has found anything it considers important enough to disclose to the general public. I only know that the investigation is an atrocious and unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the press. The men summoned are not permitted to have counsel. They are made to take an oath, the exaction of which is in the best tradition of the proceedings of the star chamber. They are in effect tried without any regard for their rights and the method of inquiry is such that men are in danger of being made to testify against themselves in the event that there be anything against them. These persons so examined are not formally charged with any crime, yet they are put on trial with no provision for proper defense. They are made to appear pro-German or Bolshevik by inference, and they have to prove a negative. They have to disclose the sources of their information and reveal communications generally regarded as privileged. The big daily press says nothing about it. The investigated press cannot say anything because of the oath referred to.

To state all this is to make a case of abominable tyranny against the Lusk committee. This sort of thing is utterly inconsistent with every declaration of the constitution and every ruling of the courts with regard to freedom of the press and the rights of individuals. The editors, managers and owners of the papers mentioned have committed no offense under the laws. They are put on trial without indictment or information. They don't know definitely what they are accused or suspected of. They are made to reveal their private affairs and this for no known benefit to the public. They are invaded in their business privacy and they are persecuted if not prose-

cuted for opinions' sake. Can you think of anything more un-American? I cannot. The opposition press in Germany had no harder time in the midst of war than our liberal or radical papers have in the period of peace. What can be the intention of those who carry out this policy? It cannot be other than to discourage and utterly prevent the expression of any opinion upon public affairs at variance with the views of the people temporarily on top in this Government. It is a *brutum fulmen* against any editorial independence. It is a censorship of terror. It is coercive compulsion to conformity. It is the imposition upon the citizens' intelligence of a State-decreed body of political and economic dogma. It checks the liberty of discussion. It suppresses opinion by rendering the expression thereof dangerous to the one who expresses it. I have heard of nothing like it in Great Britain during the war. It is more like what we have been led to believe was the German method of inducing national unanimity than anything else in the world, and we know that in Ger-

many Max Harden could in war time freely criticize the German government's conduct of affairs.

That such treatment of the editors, managers and owners of liberal or radical papers has any tendency to make them 100 per cent Americans I do not believe. How it will affect the people at large when they learn about it is a problem. Will they not think that the big papers are not interfered with because they print nothing but what the men in control of Government want printed? Will they not regard all news and editorial as official "dope" fixed up to deceive them? Will they not come to the conclusion that they are living under a government of lies by suppressing truth and suggesting falsehood? So believing will the people be better Americans, or more likely, Bolsheviks?

The Lusk committee is not concerned to answer these questions. It aims only at making newspapers afraid of any truth that isn't government labeled. The Lusk committee wants no thought on affairs, only submission

to the thing which is. It aims to proscribe everyone who refuses to accept officialism as infallible and impeccable. It stamps out heresy in a twentieth century imitation of Torquemada methods. And it holds the power to blast any citizen, who has no recourse against the body as a whole or the individual members. It can if it will down people as did the fellow Stevenson of the espionage bureau who published a list of all the men and women in the United States who were suspect of sympathy for Germany during the war. It can choke off eventually every plea for justice to little nations or mercy to political prisoners, every protest against the iniquity of coercion and the insolence of office. Such a thing as the Lusk committee is doing was inconceivable in this country before we went to war to make the world safe for democracy. Now—is democracy safe for thought, for speech, for press, for anything by which freedom lives? Lusk committee performances are calculated to bring on the revolution quicker than anything else in this free (?) country.

The Vision of Tasso

By Edgar Lee Masters

(Copyright 1919 by Edgar Lee Masters. From "Starved Rock," a book of poems to be issued in October)

O EARTH that walls these prison bars—O
Stones

Which shut my body in—could I be free
If these fell and the grated door which groans
For every back scourged hither oped for me?
Freedom were what to travel you, O Earth,
When my heart makes its daily agony?
And longing such as mine cannot ungrith
Its bands and its mortality o'erleap.
Our life is love unsatisfied from birth,
Our life is longing waking or asleep,
And mine has been a vigil of quick pain.
O Leonora, thus it is I keep
Grief in my heart and weariness of brain.

How did I know these chains and bars are wrought
Of frailer stuff than space, that I could gain
In earth no respite, but a vision brought
The truth, O Leonora? It was this:
I dreamed this hopeless love, so long distraught
Was never caged, but from the first was bliss,
And moved like music from the meeting hour
To the rapt moment of the earliest kiss
Bestowed upon your hands, to gathering flower
Of lips so purely yielded, the embrace
Tender as dawn in April when a shower
Quenches with gentleness each flowering place;
So were your tears of gladness—so my hands
Which stroked your golden hair, your sunny face,
Even as flying clouds o'er mountain lands
Caress with fleeting love the morning sun.

Now I was with you, and by your command.
Your love was mine at last completely won,
And waited but the blossom. How you sang,
Laughed, ran about your palace rooms and none
Closed doors against me, desks and closets sprang
To my touch open, all your secrets lay
Revealed to me in gladness—and this pang
Which I had borne in bitterness day by day
Was gone, nor could I bring it back, or think
How it had been, or why—this heart so gay
In sudden sunshine could no longer link
Itself with what it was.

Look! Every room
Had blooms your hands had gathered white and
pink,
And dreamed from precious vases their perfume.
And fruits were heaped for me in golden bowls,
And tapestries from many an Asian loom

Were hung for me, and our united souls
Shone over treasure books—how glad you were
To listen to my epic, from the scrolls
Of Jerusalem, the holy sepulcher.
Still as a shaft of light you sat and heard
With veiled eyes which tears could scarcely blur,
But flowed upon your cheek with every word.
And your hand reached for mine—you did not
speak,
But let your silence tell how you were stirred
By love for me and wonder! What to seek
In earth and heaven more? Heaven at last
Was mine on earth, and for a sacred week
This heaven all of heaven.

So it passed
This week with you—you served me ancient wine;
We sat across a table where you cast
A cloth of *chikku*, or we went to dine
There in the stately room of heavy plate.
Or tiring of the rooms, the day's decline
Beheld us by the river to await
The evening planet, where in elfin mood
You whistled like the robin to its mate,
And won its answering call. Then through the
wood
We wandered back in silence hand in hand,
And reached the sacred portal with our blood
Running so swift no ripples stirred the sand
To figures of reflection.

Once again
Within your room of books, upon the stand
The reading lights are brought to us, and then
You read to me from Plato, and my heart
Breathes like a bird at rest, the world of men,
Strife, hate, are all forgotten in this art
Of life made perfect. Or when weariness
Comes over us, you dim the lamp and start
The blue light back of Homer's bust to bless
Our twilight with its beauty.

So the time
Passes too quickly—our poor souls possess
Beauty and love a moment—and our rhyme
Which captures it, creates the illusion love
Has permanence, when even at its prime
Decay has taken it from the light above,
Or darkness underneath.

I must recur
To our first sleep and all the bliss thereof.
How did you first come to me, how confer

On me your beauty? That first night it was
The blue light back of Homer, but a blur
Of golden light our spirits, when you pass
Your hand across my brow, our souls go out
To meet each other, leave as wilted grass
Our emptied bodies. Then we grow devout,
And kneel and pray together for the gift
Of love from heaven, and to banish doubt
Of change or faithlessness. Then with a swift
Arising from the prayer you disappear.
I sleep meanwhile, you come again and lift
My head against your bosom, bringing near
A purple robe for me, and say, "Wear this,
And to your chamber go." And thus I hear,
And leave you; on my couch, where calm for bliss
I wait for you and listen, hear your feet
Whisper their secret to the tapestries
Of your ecstatic coming—O my sweet!
I touched your silken gown, where underneath
Your glowing flesh was dreaming, made complete
My rapture by upgathering, quick of breath,
Your golden ringlets loosened—and at last
Hold you in love's embrace—would it were Death!
For soon 'twixt love and sleep the night was past,
And dawn cobwebbed the chamber. Then I heard
One faintest note and all was still—the vast
Spherule of heaven was pecked at by a bird,
As it were to break the sky's shell, let the light
Of morning flood the fragments scattered, stirred
By breezes of the dawn with passing night.
We woke together, heard together, thrilled
With speechless rapture! Were your spirit's plight
As mine is with this vision, had I willed
To torture you with absence? Would I save
Your spirit if its anguish could be stilled
Only among the worms that haunt the grave?

My dream goes on a little: Day by day,
These seven days we lived together, gave
Our spirits to each other. With dismay
You watched my hour's departure—on you crept
Light shadows after moments sunny, gay.
But when the hour was come, you sat and wept,
And said to me: I hear the rattling clods
Upon the coffin of our love—you stepped
And stood beside the casement, said a god's
Sarcophagus this room will be as soon
As you have gone, and mine shall be the rod's
Bitterness of memory both night and noon
Amid the silence of this palace. So
I spoke and said, if you would have the boon—
O Leonora, do I live to know

This hope too passionate made consummate?—
Yet if it be I shall return, nor go
But to return to you, and make our fate
Bound fast for life. How happy was your smile,
Your laughter soon—and then from door to gate
I passed and left you, to be gone awhile
Around Ferrara.

In three days, it seemed,
I came again, and as I walked each mile
Counting to self—my feet lagged as I dreamed—
And said ten miles, nine miles, eight miles, at last
One mile, so many furlongs, then I dreamed
Your reading lamps were lighted for me, cast
Their yellow beams upon the midnight air.
But oh my heart which stopped and stood aghast
To see the lamp go out and note the glare
Of blue light set behind the Homer mask!
Who wore my robe of purple false and fair?
Who drank your precious vintage from the flask
Roman and golden whence I drank so late?
Who held you in his arms and thus could ask?
Receive your love? Mother of God! What fate
Was mine beneath the darkness of that sky,
There at your door who could not leave or wait,
And heard the bird of midnight's desolate cry?
And saw at last the blue light quenched, and saw
A taper lighted in my chamber—why
This treachery, Leonora? Why withdraw
The love you gave, or eviler, lead me here,
O sorceress, before whom heaven's law
Breaks and is impotent—whose eyes no tear
Of penitence shall know, whose spirit fares
Free, without consequence, as a child could sear
Its fellow's hands with flame, or unawares,
Or with premeditation, and then laugh and turn
Upon its play. For you, light heart, no snares
Or traps of conscience wait, who thus could spurn
A love invited.

Thus about your lawn
I listened till the stars had ceased to burn,
But when I saw the imminence of the dawn,
And heard our bird cry, I could stand no more;
My heart broke and I fled and wandered on
Down through the valley by the river's shore.
For when the bird cried, did you wake with him?
Did you two gaze as we had gazed before
Upon that blissful morning? I was dim
Of thought and spirit, by the river lay
Watching the swallows over the water skim,
And plucking leaves from weeds to turn or stay
The madness of my life's futility,
Grown blank as that terrific dawn—till day
Flooded upon me, noon came, what should be?
Where should I go? What prison chains could rest
So heavily on the spirit, as that free
But vast and ruined world?

O arrowed breast.
Of me, your Tasso! And you came and drew
The arrows out which kept the blood repressed,
And let my wounds the freer bleed: 'Twas you
By afternoon who walked upon an arm
More lordly than mine is—You stopped nor knew,
I saw him take your body lithe and warm
Close to his breast, yes, even where we had stood
Upon our day, embraced—feed on the charm
Of widened eyes and swiftly coursing blood.
I watched you walk away and disappear
In the deep verdure of the river wood,
Too faint to rise and fly, crushed by the fear
Of madness, sudden death!

This was my dream,
From which I woke and saw again the sheer
Walls of my prison, which no longer seem
The agony they did, even though the cell
Is the hard penalty and the cursed extreme
Hate in return for love. But oh you hell,
You boundless earth to wander in and brood—
Great prison house of grief in which to dwell
Remembering love forgotten, pride subdued,
And love desired and found and lost again.

That is the prison which no fortitude
Can suffer, and the never dying pain
From which the spacious luring of the earth
Tempt flight for spirit freedom, but in vain!

Ah, Leonora! Even from our birth
We build our prisons! What are walls like these
Besides the walls of memory, or the dearth
Of hope in all this life, the agonies
Of spiritual chains and gloom? I suffer less
Imprisoned thus, than if the memories
Of love bestowed and love betrayed should press
Round my unresting steps. And I send up
To heaven thanks that spared that bitterness,
That garden of the soul's reluctant cup!

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Does Achilles Sulk?

AS AN aid to forecasting the result of the big strike the dubiety about the attitude of President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor is not a brilliant success. He has time at New Orleans to name the labor delegates to the President's conference on October sixth and to plead for the ratification of the treaty, but he says nothing about the strike. We know, however, that the steam and stationary engineers after a conference of their officials with him, have voted to postpone action on a proposal to join in the strike. From this it may be deduced that Gompers still stands with President Wilson, saying "hands off." This is not of good omen for the success of the strike. It indicates that Gompers will not help John Fitzpatrick who organized the steel workers. Fitzpatrick is an advanced laborite on the English model favoring the establishment of a labor party here and the pushing of a program for nationalization of industry. It may be that here is the split in the labor ranks upon which the Steel Trust has banked all along. Gompers stands for American labor. Fitzpatrick's following is largely foreign in inspiration if not by birth. So the labor split appears to have come on between native workers and those aliens whose ideas are identical with those of the European workers, while the veteran Samuel waits to discover just how strong is the much discussed disaffection in labor ranks with himself. As the whilom leader he is in the position of having to choose between going with his own people as a class and breaking the strike by withholding his support. Indeed many people think his conversation has broken the strike already. He aids in making the strike appear as enemy propaganda. He seems to prefer to aid President Wilson rather than John Fitzpatrick. He will get much praise from reactionaries and unlimited execration from radicals. Decidedly he's now in the position of being Gary's best friend. His only defense is Americanism.



Is Baruch Bunkered?

THE Wall Street end of the strike, which I deal with elsewhere in this issue, is rather disorganized. The junior Morgans cabled support of Gary. Somehow the elements supposed to be represented by Baruch thought that Morgan would not come across for the judge. It may be that Mr. Baruch was in some manner mislead in his interpretation of conditions through association with Lamont and Davidson, both Morgan men, in Paris. The prospect of rolling Gary is anything but bright, with Morgan backing the judge and President Wilson and Gompers adhering to a policy

of non-interference. All this is gladsome news to Colonel House who was supposed to have been supplanted by Baruch as presidential adviser.



A Poll of the Senate

WHILE Gompers pleaded for the League of Nations before the Ad Club convention at New Orleans, Senator Thomas, Democrat, of California, came out as a reservationist in denouncing the victors' peace of violence and territorial aggression. This makes six Democrats who are counted upon to support the Johnson amendment equalizing British and American representation in the League Council. For the amendment now forty-seven votes are claimed. Against it there are forty-three. The doubtful number six. The amendment forces need but two votes to win. They may get them from the Democrats. Smith of Georgia and Meyers of Montana and even Ashurst of Arizona are reckoned on as wavering. But the administration leaders are still claiming they are masters of the situation. A newspaper poll is not a vote.



As Dewey Did

THE fate of the League and the outcome of the strike are as nothing however compared with the news that General Pershing is to wed the widow of one of his aides who died in France, Colonel Boyd. The women folk are concerned about this. They count too. It will be recalled how Dewey toppled as a hero when he returned from Manila and married a widow. People even wanted to take from him the Washington house that was given him. It is common knowledge that President Wilson began to slip in popularity when he married the present lady of the White House. Just why these things happened I don't know. The sex evidently doesn't think a man who marries a widow is or can be a hero. If General Pershing has succumbed as the dispatches aver, it will be interesting to watch and see whether history will repeat itself. The women of the country are the big opinion makers. Pershing's fate as a hero and possibly as a presidential candidate is in their hands or rather upon their tongues.



Royalty on Deck

MRS. VANDERBILT can't entertain the Prince of Wales. He will be the guest of the White House. But she gets next H. R. H. in a clever way. She got her son Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., a job on the New York *Herald* and the young man has had a pleasant time with the prince at Calgary. Mr. Vanderbilt didn't have any evening clothes, so the prince received him though clad in a hunting coat. It was at a party. The prince was nice to the "wallflowers." He likes petite brunettes. All the elderly ladies broke out with "Isn't he a lovely boy?" when he entered. The prince doesn't like waltzing. A couple fell on the floor and the prince leaving his partner, ran to their assistance. And this is the kind of stuff New York ate up in the *Herald* on Sunday. A Vanderbilt writing about royalty! How lovely! And how many society young men there are who will envy young Vanderbilt his great privilege! Their mothers too will be jealous of Mrs. Vanderbilt. Moreover, when the prince comes here and meets people it will be young Vanderbilt who will be called upon, to tell him who's who. If there are people whom the Vanderbilts don't like, those people will be in bad with the prince. And if any private person has a chance to get the inside track on entertaining

the prince it will be Mrs. Vanderbilt. She has out-manoeuvred all the other swells and is master of the situation—mistress rather. Lady Decies, who was a Gould, I believe, came over from London to guide the prince's footprints socially through the American maze, but Mrs. Vanderbilt in a phrase of the common people, beat her to it. The Astor crowd aren't in it. Yet the Astors are strong in London. One of them is a baron. For long it has been believed that the Astors are the leaders of all American society, but now it appears that they have been asleep at the switch and the Vanderbilts are rulers of the roost. Maybe you, gentle reader, are not interested in this stuff, but some hundreds of thousands of other folks—all calling themselves one hundred per cent Americans—think this is the most important news or gossip that there is. They are awaiting the developments in society that will come from this slight episode. The subject is as important as the League of Nations to them. It is the *piece de resistance* in the saunterings of *Town Topics*. Society doesn't know yet if the prince is going to meet any private person. He is the guest of the President but he will tour the country extensively and somebody will have to entertain him. It won't do to have him hanging out at hotels. And it is easy to see that if his visit is only official he can't be put up in the homes of the postmasters, U. S. marshals, collectors, surveyors and other officers of the Government in the different cities. Nobody short of a governor, probably, will be permitted to take the young man in as a guest. Mayors and such will only meet him at railroad stations and docks and in public halls.

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Breck Long's Big Job

BUT I'm going to quit worrying about him—yes I am. The whole business will be taken care of by the best man in the country at that sort of thing. I refer to Mr. Breckenridge Long, third assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Long is from St. Louis where we "know how." He is the master of social ceremonies for this administration. He takes charge of all the nation's honored guests. He and his wife have a splendid home in Washington and another in St. Louis. Mrs. Long was Miss Christine Graham. She is a hostess without superior, and Mr. Long is as good a society man as he is a politician. I have heard it said that he is the most popular man in Washington. Certainly he is the most affable and approachable man in the State Department. All the politicians who have business there say this. Most of them are hoping it is true that he is to be a candidate for the United States senatorship from Missouri. He may accompany the prince to St. Louis. If he does all his old pals in the St. Louis Wilson Club, the expenses of which he paid, will probably have cards to any reception that may be held for the prince. But I warn them now that they need not expect any decorations such as were showered on so many St. Louisans by the Kaiser for their attentions to his brother Prince Henry. The Longs will be the people who will direct the prince's movements. The Vanderbilts and all other social aspirants will have to go to them to learn where they get on or get off. Nobody but those approved by the Longs will be invited to play golf with the royal youth. I am wondering what precautions Breck Long will take to keep American Sinn Feiners from getting too close to the heir to Britain's crown. Mr. Long has a lot of Sinn Fein friends. But he has tact, too, and he will get by all right I'm sure.

Albert of Belgium

Strange, though, that there's more excitement over the Prince of Wales than over the coming of King Albert of Belgium and his gracious Queen. Albert is some king. Some man. A dead game sport. He's the man who first stopped the Germans by refusing to let them drive through his country upon France. Without Liege there had been no Marne. Maybe the Germans would have won the war. Albert has been here before. He is pretty much Americanized in his ideas. I've heard that he worked for Jim Hill's railroad in the Northwest, and even that he came near to being a newspaper man. That was in the days when it didn't look like there was the slightest chance that he would succeed to the Belgian throne. He will be very much at home here. But he isn't much of a "society" king. He's rather a business monarch. Ceremonial rather wearies him and pomp is a bit of a bore. His trip here will be more of a trouble to him than to his hosts. That he will be well received goes without saying. He's not to be here for fun. He hopes his visit will stimulate Americans to help Belgium back on her feet. He hopes too that it may help pull through the League of Nations. I think it will be a greater help in the latter course than the visit of the Prince of Wales. Breck Long will have a better time with the king than with the prince. Maybe they will have a good game of poker together. The king plays the game.

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"The Daughter of the Dream"

WITH the royalties coming Emma Goldman whom I called once "the daughter of the dream" is going. She's to be deported after serving her term in prison for opposing conscription. I don't see that there's any way to save her. She is to be sent away as an alien. She claims that she's a citizen, that when her father became a citizen she being a girl much under age at the time, was naturalized also. Moreover she was married once to a naturalized citizen and that makes her a citizen again. Where her husband is she doesn't know. So Emma will have to go, I suppose. Where she can go I don't know. Great Britain, France, Italy will debar her. She can't go to Canada or Australia. Russia is about the only refuge possible for her. Maybe she'd be at home in Russia, though I'm not sure. If Bob Minor as an anarchist found there was too much government in Russia under Lenine and Trotzky, Emma Goldman, high priestess of anarchism, will find the soviet rule even more objectionable. Bob Minor couldn't stand for *bourgeois* commissars. Emma will find some militarism in Russia. Of course its "the law that she must go, but the law is an ass." I don't suppose the deportation of Emma will stop the preaching of anarchism. It won't reconcile all the people to conscription. And the suppression of free speech in her case will promote rather than diminish opposition to government. Possibly her lawyer will try to prevent the deportation, but that will be funny. It is always funny to me to see anarchists, who condemn all law, appealing to that law when it may protect them from the consequences of their lawlessness. A little inconsistency doesn't worry anarchists however. It is better to be inconsistent than to be in prison or shut out of a country even if one always declares that country to be a bad and unjust country. For Emma has done pretty well in this country. She's enjoyed herself in a fashion much as a stage star does, and barring a few prison experiences, had a good time. Her lecture is always

a good show, especially when she meets all comers in answering questions. She's the best off-hand practitioner at repartee that I have ever heard. She's humorous and witty and learned in her lore and apt in illustration. Her standing the query test gives as good results as the dialogue of Oscar Wilde or G. Bernard Shaw. She'd have been a better vaudeville card than was Elbert Hubbard. This quality rather than her doctrine drew most of her audiences. She was better than Billy Sunday and intellectually a world above him. We shall miss her, when she's gone. As for myself I never felt that she endangered our institutions a little bit. What she said wasn't as dangerous to our institutions as the imprisonment and deportation of people like her for merely expressing her dissent from the actions of this Government, whose very existence is predicated upon liberty of opinion and freedom of speech. Many times I have heard her speak, but never did I hear her advocate violence, though often she said she was opposed to the state because "the state is violence." Emma has fine logic, but not much reasoning power. Anyone can agree with her theories but few can follow them into practice. It would be wiser to pardon her than to deport her. It would be a better answer to her preaching. If the King of Italy can pardon 40,000 soldier prisoners, many of them traitors at Caporetto, some of them anarchists too, who let the Austrians into Venezia, surely our President could well afford to pardon not only Emma Goldman, but Eugene Debs, Kate Richards O'Hare, Rose Pastor Stokes and all other political prisoners. For they are political prisoners. They were punished for acts which became criminal because of a change in political conditions. None of them is a traitor in the sense that those men and women were who were executed in France for having dealings with the enemy.

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A Wooden Leg Poultice

IF YOU ask me I'll say that Sir Edward Carson, who isn't at all popular with me, knocked the everlasting stuffing out of President Wilson's interpretation of Article XI of the League Covenant in his statement issued on Sunday. In brief Sir Edward says that Ireland is a component part of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and no nation or league of nations has any right to proceed to separate that part from the others. The League might as well presume to compel the United States to let some particular state of the union separate from all the others and set up in business for itself. Sir Edward says that Ireland's position is not a matter calculated to disturb the peace of the world. It disturbs only the Irish in the United States. And anyway Great Britain maintains that Ireland is Great Britain's affair, much more so than the maintenance of republican forms of government in South America is our affair under the Monroe Doctrine. This is Great Britain's position. How can any other nation in the League do anything for Ireland? England will say "Hands off our domestic affairs!" And hands will be off as they would be if we said as much about a proposal in the League to do something for Mexico. Indeed our case wouldn't be as strong as England's. But if Ireland's case were considered by the League nothing could be done for her, for the reason that anything that is done must be done unanimously. There could be no unanimity with Great Britain present and voting. The President's proposition that Ireland can be helped as Ireland wants to be helped, by League action under Article XI is absolutely annihilated. But somebody says that Great Britain

may be willing to do the right thing for Ireland, as for the South Americans: then the Irish question could be taken up under Article XI and acted upon. This is a subterfuge and quibble. Granted that Great Britain would be willing to give Ireland home rule much as Canada has. What then? Why, nothing. The cry of Ireland is not for home or dominion rule, but for independence complete and absolute. Home rule is dead. To Irish independence Great Britain will never consent except under compulsion. As an aid to Irish independence or for the release of India or the emancipation of Egypt, Article XI prescribed by Dr. Wilson is about as efficacious as a bread-and-milk poultice on a wooden leg. Sir Edward Carson is not an admirable person but he's one of the ablest lawyers in the British empire. He is a better lawyer than Woodrow Wilson. He is not right on the Irish question, nor is Great Britain, but he is right in his explanation of Great Britain's attitude with regard to Ireland and the possibility of relief for that country through the League of Nations.

Moreover nothing can be done to restore Shantung to China, if Japan withholds the consent necessary to make League action unanimous on that subject. The other members of the League will stand by Japan. All we can do for China then, will be to fight Japan.

Article XI is worth nothing for the purposes set forth hypothetically by President Wilson. On this subject his single-track mind has left the track altogether. He might as well admit this publicly as he has admitted he was wrong in saying that Japan's claim upon Shantung is based on treaties entered into before Japan entered the war, when the fact is that the treaty was made nearly three years after the beginning of the war—on March 27, 1917. This country did not get into the war until April, 1917, on the 6th I think. So there was little time in which the President could learn about the treaty. But the President has admitted his error in a telegram to Senator Norris. And that's a great deal for W. W. to do, surely.

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The League's Chance

It seems to me that the President is going to save his peace with a minimum of reservations. As President he has the advantage with the people. His hammering upon the idea of his peace or more war is very effective. His opponents are proving a negative—always a hard job. They want to do things which the people believe will defeat a whole treaty, and the people do not want. Senator Johnson's return to Washington abandoning his anti-League speaking tour indicates a weakening of the opposition, though it may be he only wants to be present when a vote is taken on his proposal to equalize our vote with Britain's in the League. On the other hand Democratic senators are reported as not desiring now to press that amendment to a vote. They may be scared. They say they don't want it to come to a vote until the President can get back to Washington. It may be the President wants the vote postponed until the full effect of his speeches shall have soaked into the people. He thinks mighty well of those speeches. However all this may be, I believe that there is a steadily increasing business pressure on the Senate to get the treaty and League passed and out of the way. Not that Business has much faith in the League, but that it believes the snarl in the Senate delays commercial activity and promotes the discontent now manifest in the strike-fever. Most everybody believes that

the League will postpone war for at least nine months, and that a war postponed that long won't come off at all. Of course Mr. Bryan's treaties would do that, but they have been forgotten. For this little promise of a nine months cooling off period the whole country is grateful. The presence of that atones for lack of much else. And now I'm going to say something that will make some Irishman say "Renegade!" It is this: There's too much Irish in the situation. The League becomes an Irish rather than an American question. The fight is centered on England because the Irish make it. Now the Irish may be—I don't say they have yet—overplaying their game. For there are more other people than there are Irish though those others aren't counted when politics are on. And those others may be lined up for the League out of opposition to the Irish. This is a danger—to the Irish—but it's a chance their leaders took. And unquestionably the Irish and the pro-Germans are strong in opposition to the League. The combination is not a happy one. It incites to "Americanism" in some forms that are not pleasant, as, for instance to A. P. Aism. The condition I refer to is rather helpful to the treaty cause. "The Irish vote," I hear everywhere, "is lost to the Democratic party because Mr. Wilson sold out to the English." If the Republicans think to get that Irish vote, they had better think again! They have thought they had it many times but were always fooled. Nearly everybody knows that ninety-five per cent of the opposition to the League is opposition to Wilson personally and that helps the treaty and covenant. Most people may not like Wilson, but for all that they don't like either the dragging out of the treaty discussion solely on personal political grounds. A man in a train said the other day: "A hell of a lot Hiram Johnson or any Coast man cares for China or the Chinese, and a lot Cabot Lodge, anglo-maniac always, cares for Ireland." It is that sort of thing in the fight on the treaty that makes the people incline towards the President's side. I think the chances of the President winning his fight are much better than they were a week ago, and the longer the fight continues the stronger his course will become, though he can't possibly get the treaty through "without dotting an i or crossing a t." For the thing to remember is that the real ground for defeating the treaty has been presented but once in the Senate, and then by Senator Knox of Pennsylvania—that the treaty is too harsh and drastic upon Germany and that it does crush the German people as President Wilson declared it was not our purpose to do. This means that the only hope of rectifying that lies in getting the League of Nations into operation. It is an argument for the League that the peace is one rather of vengeance than of justice. That in its way and measure will help towards ratification in my opinion.

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"Pi" in the Printing Biz

CHICAGO is on the job. There appeared in the New York Saturday papers a full advertisement setting forth the claims of Chicago as the place where the various national publications should be issued, now that many of them have in contemplation removal from New York to escape from the troubles they are having with the printer's union. The threatened printers' strike will tie up more than one hundred fifty periodicals—all the big national monthlies and weeklies, the trade papers and indeed every publication in New York. Two of the largest of these, unnamed, are said to have made arrangements to get out of the metropolis.

The printers' union wants to institute the forty-four-hour week and it demands an increase of \$14 a week in printers' pay. The publishers are willing to increase pay as much as \$8 per week, but they want the forty-four-hour week postponed until May 1921. The union has rejected this proposition and a strike seems to inevitable, though it is my understanding that the international organization disapproves of the proposals of the local union. The national officers have lost control of the men. The daily newspapers do not appear to be involved in the dispute as yet, but they will be dragged in later.

Coming on the heels of the determination of all the city employees to unionize themselves and to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor this printers' strike rather gives New York a chill. Even the police and firemen are unionized, despite the thunderings of the press of the city against the Bolshevism manifest in the police strike at Boston. The city employees are out of hand. Mayor Hylan has tried to keep them in check by promises, but the workers pay no attention to them. His backer, Hearst, in his papers has been preaching thinly disguised proletarianism for years, and now when proletarianism gets ready to act upon Hearstian advice, Hearst's *man Friday* wants to block the proceedings. Hearst's papers are not saying much on the subject. A big strike in New York will not be the more agreeable because of the fact that the discontinuance of street railway service on four lines on the lower East Side means that some 200,000 people will have to walk a mile or two and from work pending the establishment of omnibus service by the municipality. At meetings of the district deprived of transportation facilities the Federal judge who decreed the stoppage of the car lines is denounced in language that parallels the utterances of Lenine and Trotsky in Petrograd. A big strike, with the police in sympathy therewith and with the East Side in an ugly mood, makes gay New York shiver. That any strike may spread into a universal sympathy strike is evident. New York seems to be opposed as a general proposition to the proposals of labor—I mean the New York that is spoken for by the press and the theater and represented by the parasite population that follows the stock market. Wall Street mostly gives tone to New York opinion. But the submerged have not yet been heard from. The street railway strike didn't last long enough to develop any heat. So far as I can see nothing is being done to avert the printing strike. It looks as if nothing can be done, as if the issue will have to be fought out.

I don't think that the publishers of the bigger periodicals will move their plants from New York. It costs a lot of money to move a publishing plant. It costs a lot of money to buy land and erect buildings. And the plants if moved will carry the labor trouble with them, even to the small cities or villages. Surely moving to Chicago would be going from the frying pan into the fire, for Chicago is as much bedeviled with labor unionism as New York. The publishers can't escape by running away. They will have to stand where they are, meet the demands for increased pay and pass it on to the purchasing public. The prospect is that the people will have to pay more for their periodicals and advertisers more for their advertisements. The high cost of living may be coming down as to food, although housewives deny it, but it goes up on everything else. And as it hits labor hardest, labor must get more remuneration. Where the increase will stop no one knows. And the worst of it is that with the demand for more pay there is no evidence that production will increase. The men want more pay and fewer hours. This

tends to keep production down, though there is a theory that men can produce more in fewer hours if they work in those hours. They can; but will they or do they? Employers tell me they do not. Every boss I meet says that since the war nobody wants to work as men used to work before the war.

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How the Bourgeois Feels

EVERYTHING is strike, strike, strike. There must be a dozen or more strikes a day in New York. And the strikers always win. The thing is getting to be monotonous. So much so that the public seems to be apathetic towards the steel strike. About Gotham the opinion seems to be that the steel corporation will win. It has been forewarned and forearmed against the event. It has millions of money to defend itself. And New York thinks that the money wins all the time. Moreover it lays much stress upon the fact that many thousands of steel workers admitted to stockholdership in the corporation and participation in the profits will not strike against their own interests as little capitalists. Every other New Yorker you meet has a little stock in something. He and often she is Wall-Street minded. They talk to you about quotations and they worry a good deal about the decline in the value of the pound and the franc and the mark. In a city of three million people there is mighty little proletarianism in fact. Nowhere is there such respect for money and those who have it.

I went to see Eugene Walter's play, "The Challenge," at the Selwyn theater the other evening, with that fine actor Holbrook Blinn in the chief role. The girl usher was handing out programs that had evidently been gathered up from the seats and the floor after a previous performance. "The Challenge" is a Labor and Capital play. But Capital gets all the best of it. Labor is pictured as dirty faced, ill smelling, treacherous, dishonest and generally foul. The hero is a romantic simpleton who is betrayed and deserted by the rabble. Labor means grabbing all anybody else has acquired. It also means the communization of women. The play says as plainly as ever could a French nobleman that the masses are *canaille*. And Capital, personified in the part played by Holbrook Blinn, proclaims that Labor cannot get along without its constructive ability. Moreover Capital wins in the play by bribing the newly elected Socialist governor to let a bill pass that will give the capitalist crowd control of the police and militia. The Socialist hero of the play is an exalted idealist, a noble youth, but he makes no case at all for "the people." He loses everything except, of course, the girl. The unwashed rabble cast him off, branded as a traitor and he is finally taken under the benevolent capitalistic protection and care of *Hal Winthrop*, acted by Blinn. The play is interesting enough and it is splendidly played. There are six or eight excellent actors in the cast and they get out of it all the effects there are in it. But Eugene Walters may know playwriting: he doesn't know the socialist side of the case for a great change, or if he does, he doesn't let his hero present it. Capital gets all the hands, wins all the tricks. The recurrent *motif* of the play is that all a man wants is a good job given him by the capable employer, a wife, a couple of kids, and a street car ride every Sunday afternoon. This brings down the house every time it is sprung in the play. The *bourgeoisie* rise to it and fall for it with fine spontaneity. I doubt if a theater crowd in any other city in the country would gulp such raw stuff. It only shows that New York loves the benevolent capitalist and thinks all labor agitation the work of the fellows who

never worked and never will. If the theater audience at the Selwyn represents New York, as from its appearance I think it does, I cannot see where some of our radical friends get that stuff about their hope for and faith in the soon-coming revolution.

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The Uniform on the Stage

IN THE party of which I was one, at the play was a lieutenant-colonel of engineers who had seen service in France and been honored for it. He sat through the show in a rage and he left it with inexpressible disgust. What moved him was that one of the characters in the play, *Bemis*, is a soldier who has won decorations and this soldier is a ranting, raving, roaring Bolshevik calling for the application of cold steel to the capitalists. This *Bemis* appears in the play in his uniform. He points to his decorations for service in emphasizing his ruthless revolutionism. He denounces the hero and plays a sort of St. Just role in the socialist party meeting that condemns and expels the hero. *Bemis* makes himself odious in every conceivable way. And there he is all the time in his khaki uniform. Now the uniform enraged my lieutenant colonel friend. There's a statute he says that punishes anyone for bringing discredit or disgrace upon the U. S. uniform. Yet here in a public theater night after night the uniform is disgraced by putting it on a man who is a villain and a preacher of violent revolution. The uniform decorates what my friend calls "disloyalty." It is debased to the foul uses of the rabble. The service is defiled by the association of the uniform with such things. There were no such men in the army in France, my friend says. The character enacted is a libel on the American forces and a blasphemy against the cause the army fought for.

All of which to me is fetishism, but of course something else to a gallant army man who retains his war-idealism. The army is not disgraced by the representation of one discreditable individual out of three million and especially is this not the case when *Bemis* is depicted as despicable in his deviation from the army norm. But the lieutenant colonel was hot. When I left him it was his firm purpose to bring the matter of this disgrace to the army before the higher councils of the American Legion with a view to having *Bemis* stripped of his stage khaki. I thought that the audience loathed *Bemis* all right but rather respected the army because he was so at variance with the patriotic ideal. *Bemis* never got any applause. He did get hisses. But my lieutenant colonel friend, and a nice fellow he is, may be considered representative of New York's attitude towards all labor agitation. It is in a way "disloyalty." And there's no getting away from the fact that this sentiment is the prevailing one everywhere except perhaps on the East Side. New York sided with the actors in their strike, but that was because the managers were unpopular, and they were unpopular chiefly because they stood in with the theater ticket speculators who graft the town by absurd prices for seats. New York didn't see the actors as laborers. Most of the actors scorned any such identification. And then the actors' strike didn't threaten general business, didn't depress stocks or hurt any of the big men in Wall Street. Gotham *bourgeoisie* are not for the social revolution. They accept the gospel that Holbrook Blinn dispenses and corruptly vindicates in "The Challenge." It is all quite infantilely comic to anyone who understands the social and economic question. But it's New Yorky: that's all I say.

High Cost of Lawyers

I DON'T suppose there's any danger of the lawyers going on strike, but they may be struck against. They are part of the h. c. l. How many lawyers there are in New York I don't know. There must be at least as many of them as there are waiters and taxi drivers. They must be quite a goodly fixed charge upon the community. This is my conclusion from general observation and from hearing the case of John Armstrong Chaloner. He is an eccentric sort of person often if not always in court. Eccentric I said, for he it understood he is sane, having been officially declared so. He's had so much and such varied troubles that he has needed much legal guidance. The other day he placed a mortgage for \$200,000 on a piece of property he owns on Broadway. The reporters scenting news in everything Chaloner does, asked about the mortgage. Chaloner told them it was lawyers. In twenty years he had had thirty-two lawyers in his case and the fees he paid them so reduced his income that he had to mortgage his property. It wasn't a new mortgage but a restoration of a mortgage he had on the property twenty years ago. Perhaps some of us wouldn't think this was doing so badly. Chaloner still has the property despite his legal battery. And the mortgage hasn't increased in twenty years. It looks as if Mr. Chaloner is holding his own. A man who can do that against thirty-two lawyers is doing pretty well, though it's no wonder he is called an eccentric. An explanation of his survival is probably to be found in his statement that several years ago he set a standard fee of \$2,400 for lawyers—a minimum wage you might call it. Only one lawyer did he pay more and that was Mr. Thomas T. Sherman who got him for ten times the standard fee, I suppose while Mr. Sherman was trustee or custodian of Mr. Chaloner's person and estate during a period of phantasmagoric excitement in Mr. Chaloner's headworks. Mr. Chaloner is out of guardianship now. He doesn't say whether he has sworn off on lawyers. He must have had quite a good nut to begin with or he would not have saved so much from his saviors.

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State Insurance Graft

RECENTLY we came near to going into the experiment of state insurance in Missouri. Lucky, we escaped it. They have state insurance in workmen's compensation in New York. Likewise they have graft with it. In an investigation of the administration of the fund it has developed that certain of the employees of the department had shaken down claimants for a percentage of the money allotted them as compensation. One F. Spencer Baldwin, manager of the fund, admitted that his wife had received a \$3,500 automobile as a present from a man named Wynkoop who does a lot of business with the state fund. Wynkoop conducted a "service" in which he acted for insurers in the fund, receiving half of all the dividends Wynkoop collected upon premium payments. This Wynkoop had the run of the fund office and took out of its files the papers of other insurance concerns. A man who had been awarded an allowance of \$1000 coughed up \$100 of it to the fund employee who accompanied him to the bank to get the thousand dollar check cashed, and later got \$20 to make an affidavit denying the transaction. The State Insurance Fund department was getting into the worst of the bad habits politically prevalent in the ante-Lexow times when the snap was exposed. Adjusters would fix right for claimants or companies if they were "fixed." Of the dividends half of which were said to have

Vandervoort's Correct Attire for the V. P. Ball

Evening Wraps



Developed of Panne Velvet and Metallic Brocaded Cloth, these beautiful creations are American adaptations of Paris models from such artists as Maurer, Worth, Jenny, Le Roy Schmidt, Paquin, Bernard and Avioth.

They are exquisitely designed and enhance their beauty with rich fur and ostrich feather trimming.

Loose and graceful, they may be worn over the most elaborate frock without danger of rumpling it. Prices range from \$122.50 to \$500

Distinctive New Coats, \$35 to \$365

Smart Autumn Coats of Pelutia, Vocaria, Camelion Cord, Tinseltone, Peachbloom, Wool Velour, Polo Cloth and Mixtures in attractive and individual models and the new shades.

Belted, semi-belted and loose flare styles are shown with set-in and raglan sleeves

Some of these Coats have large fur collars and trimming of Nutria, Hudson Seal, Kolinsky, Beaver, Wolf and Fisher.

Coat Shop—Third Floor

Misses' Evening Gowns

Billowy tulles, lustrous satins, embroidered georgettes and lovely panne velvets have been assembled in many delightful models for the opening event of the social season.

Youthful and charming styles are presented in new straight-line, draped and bouffant models, adorned with sequins, silver embroidery, ostrich feather trimming, silver fringe and garlands of ribbon and flowers.

The charming gown sketched is an artistically draped model of yellow georgette, embroidered in silver. An ostrich tip at the girdle is the only ornamentation. - - - - - \$210

Another beautiful draped model is fashioned of panne velvet and is shown in lovely evening shades. It has a crushed bodice and velvet shoulder straps. A velvet poppy at the waist adds to its attractiveness. It is - \$59.75

Other fascinating Evening Gowns and Dance Frocks in black, pastel and vivid shades - - - - - \$29.75 to \$210

Misses' Shop—Third Floor



Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

been pocketed as fees by Wynkoop, the total, in the period covered in the last report of the commission, was \$78,600. Pretty juicy for friend Wynkoop, eh? This is politics in state insurance. It is what Missouri probably would be having now if certain people who urged state insurance for workmen's compensation had been successful.

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Four and Forty Feuds

INTERNATIONAL strife is tearing the Democratic party wide open. It seems that there are four and forty feuds in progress. I told last week about the Bryan brothers and Governor Folk and other radicals—if they can be so called nowadays—getting together to prevent Wilsonian control of the next convention and to put planks in the platform for Bryanite states rights, public ownership of railroads and for keeping the president at home when elected. Sympathetic to Bryan and Folk is Senator Gore of Oklahoma. They are all antagonistic to the power in Democratic affairs of Col. E. M. House, who, they say, hornswoggled Wilson into doing Great Britain's bidding in the peace conference.

From this quarter comes a move of some significance, demanding an investigation of the contributions to the party funds since 1916, who gave them and how they were expended. Mr. W. D. Jamieson, financial director of the National Democratic committee, has refused the information when asked for it privately. It is understood that Mr. Jamieson has collected some \$2,000,000 since the 1916 campaign, exclusive of the \$800,000 that was needed to meet the deficit piled up by election day of that year. Now Mr. Jamieson declares that he is starting to raise a huge fund of between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000 for the 1920 campaign. The greater part of the \$2,000,000 went into the congress campaign last year, and into organization work. Just what organization means is what Messrs. Bryan, Folk, Gore and others would like to know. A news story printed in New York says that "For some time there have been strong suspicions that Homer S. Cummins, chairman of the national committee, and William D. Jamieson, its financial director, were paying too much attention to the interests of William G. McAdoo as a possible candidate for president to succeed his father-in-law. Reports have come to certain members of the national committee that Chairman Cummins in his trip through the country several months ago had shown a partiality to Mr. McAdoo, which if true, they declare, is quite out of keeping with his position of head of the organization." This explains the demand for a statement of expenditures. Refusal of the information sought strengthens the suspicion hereinabove mentioned. Messrs. Cummins and Jamieson say "Not guilty" of course.

The President may or may not be a candidate for renomination: it all depends. He may be only in case the League of Nations is defeated; then he will run for vindication. But if the League pulls through he won't be. In that event he expects to be head of the Council of the League of Nations—President of the World. Otherwise he will stay in national politics—writing the history of the war, on the side. If he goes out of politics here, Mr. McAdoo will succeed as a sort of crown prince. That is the theory of those who want to lose Mr. Wilson.

A publication has been made here, bearing every evidence of being "dope" furnished by some organization, saying: "It is true, however, that friends of President Wilson are

quietly working to get control of state delegations—working to the end that they may be pledged to Mr. McAdoo or some favorite son who will withdraw either in favor of the President if he wishes to run for the third time. So far as can be learned the President has never made any suggestion as to his choice of a successor, but some of Mr. McAdoo's workers are working on the theory that the President's influence would be thrown toward his son-in-law in case the President decides to retire from the field." That's "bureau" stuff from somewhere, sure as you're alive. No reporter ever wrote an article on politics in that lingo.

The other possibilities in the party are jealous of Mr. McAdoo. They are back of the inquiry to find out if funds subscribed for the party are being used to help this particular candidate. And the mere question sets the national committee by the ears.

Not only are liberals like the Bryans, Gore and Folk inquisitive on the subject, but so are Senators Reed and Joseph W. Bailey of Texas and Roger Sullivan and Tom Taggart. They want no crown prince succession. They, too, have been shut out of the President's confidence by Colonel House. They want to save the party from Wilson's "socialism." They don't want any kind of public ownership of the railways—Bryan or Plumb. They want to abolish direct primaries and go back to the convention system of nominations. Mr. Harry B. Hawes has fairly well voiced the sentiments of this crowd, in his series of open letters in the St. Louis newspapers. They won't have Mr. McAdoo handed them by the convention controlled by presidential appointees. They want to spike Mr. McAdoo, too. They are so far one with the Bryan-Folk-Gore element which otherwise they have no use for, as that element has no use for them. They are rejoiced to have the help of the services of Joe Folk as an investigator and prosecutor, in which he shines resplendent and transcendent. If they can get McAdoo out of the way then they separate. They cannot possibly come together on any candidate for the nomination.

I have heard it intimated that if the investigation gets started it won't stop with Mr. Jamieson, but will reach out after other men of note. For Barney Baruch, let us say. Baruch is supposed to have used his place on the war council to help McAdoo. He is said to have raised and spent a lot of money. So too there may be a probe as to what Mr. Thomas S. Lamont has been doing for McAdoo. Lamont and Baruch were both on the reparations sub-committee of the American commission to Paris. Not only are they suspect but so is Mitchell Palmer. Now Palmer is believed to be Wilson's choice alternative to McAdoo for the presidential nomination. There's a good deal of beer back of the Sullivan-Taggart crowd and beer wants to crack Palmer for his prohibitionism in Pennsylvania and for his refusal to consent to any let up on war-time prohibition. So Palmer is to be put out of the way too. It will be recalled that he was with great difficulty confirmed by the Senate as attorney-general. It was hard to get Democratic senators to vote for him. It is a fine polygonal fight that is going on—all on the theory that Mr. Wilson won't run for president again but wants to name his successor.

William Randolph Hearst is helping all sides so far as he can against Wilson. Here in the East it is thought that if the League of Nations is defeated the logical Democratic nominee will be Reed of Missouri and that

Hearst with all his papers and periodicals in New York, Chicago, Boston, Atlanta, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and Arthur Brisbane with papers in Washington and Milwaukee will be for Reed, hotter than horse-radish. I don't think the Bryan brothers want him. Neither does Folk. But the other bunch is not averse to him. Reed, however, represents adequately all the country's old guard opposition to Wilson. The present point is that McAdoo and Baruch and Lamont with the money behind them are the strength of Wilsonism in the forthcoming campaign for delegates to the national convention and must be destroyed if anybody but McAdoo is to have a look in for the nomination.

I have heard around New York that after the President left Paris Baruch and Colonel House got their wires terribly crossed over various matters and therefore that House is not so well disposed to McAdoo as he was some time ago. They have been "talking about each other," that is certain. Each feels he "made" Wilson, as much as the other, or Colonel George Harvey did. Baruch is here. House is in Paris. Burleson represents House, but Burleson isn't popular in the party. No one wants to tie up with him. His political hold is slipping. The President is said to have rebuked him for politicalizing the post office and antagonizing union labor. The House influence, therefore, is said to be weakening at the White House. Especially since House has been shown to have agreed with Mr. Bullitt as to the League of Nations. The President has no one left but Joe Tumulty to help him and Tumulty can't do much because he's so foxy everybody distrusts him. The White House is almost boycotted and around Washington you'll hear Democrats discussing the possible consequences of an attempt to impeach the President—which I think would be sheer lunacy and would strengthen him rather than injure him. So this, then, is the political scene at Washington. It is, at the very least, interesting, even exciting. The only thing certain about it all is that the Democratic party is disrupted beyond possible early repair.

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Hoover, Hiram, et al.

Herbert Hoover was given a big dinner here the other evening by the American Society of Mining Engineers and Metallurgists. In introducing him the chairman said he might be called to higher service. To the guests this meant the presidency. Ensued then a big demonstration, which Mr. Hoover ignored and went on in a very sane speech to tell about European conditions. Incidentally he doesn't believe in any tampering with the League covenant or the treaty. He is going home to California. That is Senator Hiram Johnson's home too. It is probable that Mr. Hoover's popularity and the mention of him for the Republican nomination for president worries Senator Johnson, who is an avowed candidate with the old Roosevelt following committed to him. Hoover might take California away from him, and where would Hiram be then, poor thing? He wouldn't have much advantage over Senator Harding of Ohio, not any at all over Generals Leonard Wood or Pershing. Johnson won't get much help from the Taft wing of his party, since he is believed, unjustly as I think, to have sold out Hughes and given the state of California to Wilson in 1916. Johnson was running practically on a Wilson platform. He could not kick it over for Hughes and Hughes' whiskers were too much of a handicap in California. Hoover is the Re-

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New fall shades, navy, blue, elk, taupe, seal brown, Java, ivory or black, in beautiful self-colored satin plaid effects—40 in. wide.

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The best box loom silk crepe de chines in beautiful new shades of blue, taupe, seal, tete de negre, ivory or black. 40 inches wide.

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A decided novelty in shades of navy, taupe, seal, beaver, Atlantic, ivory and black. To be simple, to be slim, to be joyous, such is the decree of Paris—and one may combine all of these through the medium of this wonderfully brocaded fabric. 40 in. wide.

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Gorgeous shimmering brocade satins in navy and silver, turquoise and silver, sapphire and silver, for evening wraps, gowns, etc. 40 inches wide.

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New Fan Ta Si Silks

Rich dark combination of colors for skirts or suits—shades of navy and black, tan and brown, grey and black, woven into its shimmering surface. It is soft and clinging as so many of these delightful silks are. 40 inches wide.

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"Moon-Glo" Satins

Beautiful Moon-Glo satins: a soft mellow, shimmering, lustrous finish, so much demanded this fall—shown in all the new fall colors. 40 inches wide.

Price \$5.00

"Moon-Glo" Crepe

New broken satin stripe effects, shown in the modish shades of navy, taupe, seal, Atlantic, nut, beaver, elk, ivory and black. 40 inches wide.

Price \$7.50

"Moon-Glo" Satin Block Crepe

Beautiful satin block crepe in new fall shades of navy blue, African brown, taupe, beaver, ivory and black. One of the new fall silks for street frocks or suits. 40 inches.

Price \$7.50

"Moon-Glo" Meteors \$3.98

Forty-inch crepe meteors in a soft dull satin finish. New fall colors of navy blue, seal brown, taupe, sapphire, Pekin, Labrador, plum, wistaria, peachbloom, white, ivory, flesh or black.

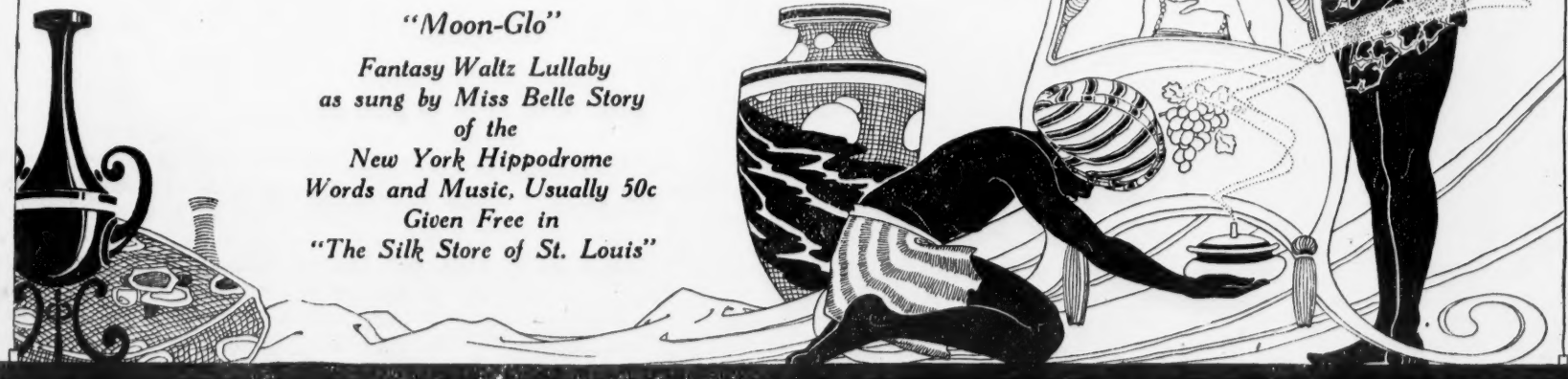
Gorgeous Brocade Satins

These come in the new shades of seal, navy, turquoise, jade, Nile, rose, ivory and black. 40 inches wide. Priced \$7.95 to \$10.75 yd.

Main Floor

"Moon-Glo"

Fantasy Waltz Lullaby
as sung by Miss Belle Story
of the
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publican nominee for President if the League of Nations wins. If it doesn't, the Lodge, Knox, Borah element will have no trouble defeating him. But Knox may be a candidate, too, now that Boies Penrose has beaten the Vare machine in Philadelphia. It is thought this will give him control in the state and if he gets it he will go into the national convention with a Knox delegation from Pennsylvania and other eastern states that will be hard to overcome. It is as hard to pick the Republican as the Democratic nominee, and it will be so until the treaty fight is settled. Even the British Lloyds couldn't make book on the presidential selections now except on a basis of willingness to bet against any man mentioned. But the wise guys are keeping their eyes upon Herbert Hoover all the same. What a business man candidate he would make! He's no politician at all. He's an unmilitary hero of the war. He's a real person. And he's not out of the list of possibilities until the Republican convention is over.

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Teachers' and Preachers' Pay

IN a world of strikes, Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, is out for a little touching tour for \$5,000,000 more endowment. "The United States," he says, "pays its ditch diggers more than its college instructors, and its mechanics and trainmen more than its professors." He points out in a formal statement that the Bureau of Education at Washington had calculated that the average increase in the cost of living in the United States from July, 1914, to July, 1919, was about 70 per cent. In the face of this, he said, Cornell salaries were practically the same as in 1900. The professors have not threatened to strike, but many of the best men are leaving all the universities to take positions in business houses. Business calls the best public school teachers too. If something is not done to keep the best teachers teaching the entire school system must suffer incalculable deterioration. "The teacher must be paid," says Dr. Schurman, "if not in proportion to the value of the high service he performs for society, at least on the basis of compensation received by men of equal intelligence, education and energy in other professions. The sooner the profession of teaching is put on that sound economic basis the better it will be for the cause of education in America." Dr. Schurman doesn't "make the front page" of the dailies with his cry for help. The steel workers have that position. College professors are not a "vote" to be placated. There aren't millions of them to make or swell newspaper circulations. They only wear spectacles and read books and talk high-brow nonsense. Who cares if they are pinched by high prices? Plain living and high thinking is all that's coming to them. So President Schurman and other university presidents must pass the hat. I don't see why some one in Congress doesn't introduce a bill appropriating a billion or two dollars for the relief and assistance of all the universities. There are many billions being spent on matters of infinitely less importance. Every institution of the higher learning is crippled for lack of funds. All of them have pupils from all over the country and might well be given national aid. We can blow ourselves for a couple of billion for education, if we can afford to do it for a standing army and universal military service. We should not starve our teachers, whatever we do. But I'm here to express a hope that some of the professional economists suffering from low salaries and high cost of living will begin to teach better political econo-

my. They should look about them and discover where the remedy lies, where production must come from. They should forget their traditional dope and feel the earth under their feet. Production can only come from the earth. Therefore take the fence from around it and let labor get at it to make it yield. Hard luck, let us pray, will improve the professorial economic vision.

There are the preachers too, talking about a strike. The iron is entering their souls. They find it hard to be good and pious Christians on short rations. They have to dress themselves and their families, entertain parishioners, buy books, give to charity, supply their tables, pay rent and all the rest of it. They are not "deadheaded" as they were years ago. They pay more for everything and get less for what they pay. Salaries are stationary. Preachers are crimped like other people.

"If I were still a pastor, and my salary was not more than \$800 a year, the amount received by the average clergyman in our denomination, I'd organize a union of ministers," said Rev. Charles A. McAlpine of the National Committee of Northern Baptist Laymen, the other day. "There is going to be a shortage of clergymen soon unless congregations increase the pay of pastors," he went on to say. "Milkmen, window cleaners, and day laborers are better paid than the average Baptist minister. The present drive of the Baptists for \$6,000,000 will greatly aid aged and disabled ministers and missionaries and their families." Surely a billion or two could be spent to everybody's material and moral profit in helping all the preachers of all denominations. We may not pay much attention to what they preach, but after all they do give a great many people at least a semblance of thought and the church fills the place of the theater in hundreds of thousands of lives. Maybe if the preachers were better paid they wouldn't be so much in politics. They had a big hand in bringing prohibition upon us. If they earned, or rather if they received, more money they might take a more kindly view of life. If they felt better with fat purses and full stomachs they might not be so doggedly persistent in attempts to deprive other people of things those people like. If the preachers strike I hope they will win. Of course they can only win at the expense of the people at large. All the raises of pay, as the world ways, come out of the ultimate consumer. Let the preacher get his that way also. Why not? Up state the other day the grave diggers in a swell cemetery went on strike and got an increase in pay. The preacher does as much for us as the grave digger. He is worthy of his hire. Why shouldn't he have his union as well as the policeman or the street cleaner? On the spiritual plane his work is like theirs.

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Let's All Strike

WHY can't everybody strike? In France the people went on strike against the profiteers and won. In Bremen the unemployed went on strike—but that didn't mean that they went to work—because they didn't like the regulations under which they had to apply for relief. They won too. Last week in New York City the clerks in five big banks struck and gained what they sought. When bank clerks strike that's the limit. Your bank clerk scorns the "rude mechanicals." He's a very superior person who is revolted at the bare thought of doing anything common. He's against union labor. He always volunteers on the *posse comitatus* to put down the striker. When bank clerks strike the limit has been reached and no one need refrain from downing tools on the plea that it "simply isn't done, you

know." If everybody would strike things would be fine. There would have to be a moratorium. (But maybe the bill collectors would strike against that.) A really general strike is what we want. Just think of the number of things the public has to strike against! Everything is dumped upon the public. In the long circuitous passing of the buck it finally comes to the public and there it rests—prices, wages, bad literature, bad art, fake reform, snide religion, rotten government,—everything. And all the strikes of the different classes atop of everything. Yes, the public should strike. Now is the time. *Hoi polloi* should just shut up shop and take a lay off, pay no bills to anybody, do no work, take it easy. There's nobody to live off or on but the public. It's everybody's customer or client. Who'll lead this strike? I have a suggestion. Let us send for Col. E. M. House. He could win for us along the general tactical and strategical lines laid down and out in his anonymous novel—reminiscent of Louis Mann's anonymous check—"Philip Dru, Administrator." In that novel is the germ of the "new freedom" and everything that has happened since it was published by B. W. Huebsch in 1911. You can see, plain as any day, that what Woodrow Wilson is trying to do is to live up to the example set by the imaginary *Philip Dru*. What we want is to do away with work but keep up the institution of wages. Since July 1st you'll note that strikes have multiplied. What does that prove? Why, that "work is the curse of the drinking classes;" as soon as they are victims of an enforced sobriety they have too much sense to work. Work is the primal eldest curse upon us and by striking we shall be rid of it. But we must all strike. These separate, sporadic, endemic strikes won't do any good. The strike must be epidemic to accomplish anything. Only thus will the common people ever be on top. If we all strike, there'll be nobody riding our backs.

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A Mule in Society

Now isn't it awful that I should be agitating my intellectuals thus for the salvation of everybody and other people not caring about it all. There's a dispatch in the paper today from Poughkeepsie that makes me wish I wasn't a philosopher like I am. That dispatch tells us that Mrs. Roland Delano Redmond of Barrytown, driving Black Joe, a mule owned by her friend, Mrs. Vincent Astor, won the mule driving championship of the Hudson Valley this afternoon, when she competed with Mrs. J. Griswold Webb, wife of Assemblyman Webb and daughter of Colonel Archibald Rogers of Hyde Park, who drove Bonnie Annie, a rawboned white mule. The time was four minutes to run half a mile, and each driver during the entire race urged her steed ahead with every device known to horsemanship, Mrs. Redmond having to resort to the whip to keep Black Joe from stopping to wait for his partner.

Now this is the truly important stuff of life. How silly to be concerned about work and wages and the woes of the masses, when you can get yourself "all het up" over a mule race. The mule is a noble animal, mostly from Missouri. Hybrid though he be, his besetting sin is *hybris*. He is proud and stubborn. He is about as beautiful as the Airedale terrier and he is artistic in that he possesses a form of the quality so much desiderated in all art now-a-days—punch. In the mule "punch" becomes "kick." Up to now the mule hasn't been in society, but he has "arrived." Mrs. Astor has recognized him, so has Mrs. J. Griswold Webb. What I like about the

mule is that when he starts you quoting again: "For a time it looked can't stop him. He'll go anywhere—as though Mrs. Webb would surely even into society. He won't trot meekly win the race, as she was more than a in harness. He runs when he will go head beyond, but slowly and surely at all. This is shown fully in the Mrs. Redmond's long-legged animal further account of the function at crept up, finally distancing his rival by Poughkeepsie. I cannot refrain from a few inches. Although the mules

were driven hitched to regular racing sulkies, they began to run from the word go and never again regained a trotting gait."

The scene must have been thrilling to the spectators. But if so, how thrilling it must have been to the mule! Think of it. He'd never been in that bunch before. He must have felt as did Napoleon's soldiers at the pyramids with forty centuries looking down upon them. The dispatch says: "All society turned out to witness the event. Among the persons noted were Mr. and Mrs. Warren Delano, Garrett B. Kipp, from Barrytown; Mr. and Mrs. J.

Roosevelt, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Newbold, of Hyde Park; James Armstrong, Mrs. Francis Little, Miss Grace Montgomery, Mandeville S. Frost of Rhinebeck, and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Livingston of Tivoli." No Missouri mule had ever been so honored before. He was the first mule surely who ever had a chance to get his name in *Town Topics*, though many asses have had honorable mention therein, to say nothing of the Astors. And the New York *Times* classed this event as being among "all the news that's fit to print." The party at Poughkeepsie was a "function." It is a sign that the world has been made safe for—but is there no getting away from that *cliche*? The mule "made seventeen may-I-nots a minute." And the flower of our society was relieved of its sublime *ennui*. All the while the common people were worrying about the League of Nations and the democratization of industry and such trifles. Who can but admire the detachment of our better classes from vulgar matters of that sort, their centering of interest on a mule race rather than upon the struggle for existence between Steel Magnate Gary and the Federation of Labor. A mule race surpasses in picturesqueness the human race. All the poor old human race is good for is to toil and moil so that there may be no let-up in those pleasant society parties at Poughkeepsie. As countless buds must fail and fall that one perfect rose may bloom—I am echoing John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and I apologize for any irreverence to Judge Krum who reviewed so ably the Rockefeller Foundation report in last week's paper—so the masses must work and sweat to provide triumphs for Mrs. Astor and her set and to get the mule into New York society. Out upon those who would undermine and destroy such a perfect economic and social system! Let's all go on strike and all be society people who never work. But why didn't Mrs. Astor save that mule race until the Prince of Wales could get here, under the personal direction of Arthur P. Calder of the Canadian Pacific railroad, and behold the spectacle? The pulling off of the event prior to his coming was little short of *lese majeste*. Did the Prince of Wales ever ride a Missouri mule? He did not. He should. Did he ever see a Missouri mule? I doubt it. I'm glad as a Missourian that as the Prince is going to mingle only with society, there is a Missouri mule in society. But how I envy Poughkeepsie that it can keep its mind off the things that are doing around Pittsburgh this week in the steel strike! Steel strikes and Poughkeepsie functions synchronously existent in the same country may not go well together. Oh well, some day we shall all join in the general strike that will do away with necessity for the existence of both of them.

"Your husband is hitting up a fast pace at the punch bowl." "Well?" "If I were you, I'd call him down immediately." That will have to wait until tomorrow. If I quarrel with him now he won't unhook my dress for me and I can't sleep in a ball gown."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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The Millinery Vogue

As decreed by Paris and New York—is correctly expressed in hundreds of charming new ways in our Mlle. Modiste Salons Autumn Millinery Revue

¶ As gay and colorful as an Ozark forest in Autumn time—and artistic in every graceful line and curve—each day's Millinery arrivals are new cause for interest and comment. Charming indeed are the new feather-trimmed Hats. To be true to type they must have graceful, picturesque lines, of course.

* * * ¶ Ostrich assumes new uses and takes new guises of beauty this season, the uncurled being most favored. It is left in feathery, fern-like lightness or is "glycerined" until only the delicate fiber remains. Madame will find not only Ostrich-trimmed Hats here, but all the favored types that play leading roles in the Autumn style revue.

¶ Cassowary Feathers are quite new and altogether lovely, as they should be, coming from this crested, fleet-footed East Indian relative of the ostrich family. They are something like uncurled ostrich with a wider fiber, which is very delicate and graceful and stronger than ostrich.

¶ "Blondine" is the name (which seems hardly apropos) of a feather new this Autumn. It comes from the vulture family, so 'tis said, and milady need have no compunctions of conscience against using it as lavishly as she wishes—and it is indeed very beautiful.

Third Floor



Letters From the People

Juvenile Literature

Cleveland, O., September 15, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Does Mr. Melcher, whose letter in the issue of September 11 disagrees with my conclusions on boys' reading, recall, I wonder, the picture drawn by Fabre of the sallying forth of the bees in May, when, with smiling lawns gay with a thousand little flowers, dandelions, rock roses, tansies and daisies, the winged harvesters go forth, to return presently flying low and laden with their sweets? If you do you will also remember that other picture presented by Darwin, telling the tale of the bees for which sugar had been set out. Instead of developing, they had not only their instincts but their very structure modified in accordance with their parasitic habits, for they finally lost their pollen collecting apparatus. The inference in its application to the reading done by boys is obvious.

Whether it be in literature, in religion or in politics, the grip of the dead hand reaching out of a rotten past must be loosed. As guides to conduct, we of today are very thoroughly discredited. Our lives were lived in a silly age in which initiative and individuality were discouraged. Surrounded by prohibitions, our moral courage reached a low ebb. We have been guided, driven, controlled, advised, uplifted, led, checked, ruled and regulated, and the result is what you see—a disorganized world. We pass on to another generation a bankrupt civilization saturated with hate, hypocrisy, brutality and cant. The best that we now can do is to acknowledge contritely that we have made a mess of things and then quit meddling. It may be that with restrictions removed, a braver and a better generation shall arise, a generation that shall have new ideals and new needs, new longings and new hopes. We may help, but we cannot guide for our very blindness. Our advice would be the advice of failures.

So let our hindering, hampering hands be swiftly withdrawn that a generation of straight thinking, outspoken men may arise to supplant this one whose pathetic incompetence has been so thoroughly exposed. Left free to seek, to test, to accept or to reject, the Hubs and Chucks of tomorrow may build a fairer place to live in, but they cannot build upon our foundations, nor can they be other than scornful of our proffered guidance. At least so it seems to me. Adios.

CHARLES J. FINGER.

Bessemer Steel

Box 246, Galena, Kansas.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

I read with interest your reference recently in the MIRROR to the canny Scotsman, Andrew Carnegie. It was my good fortune to know intimately during the last ten years of his life Professor Geo. W. Maynard of New York, a mining engineer of world wide reputation and a specialist in iron and steel metallurgy. He gave me the history of Carnegie's rise to greatness in the steel industry, and I have thought

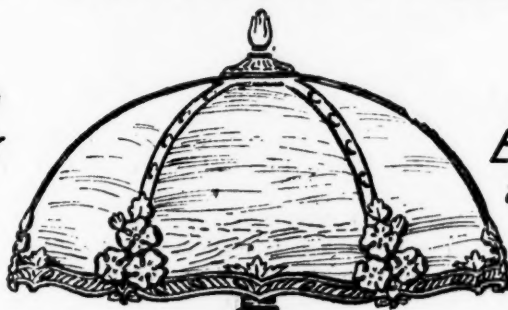
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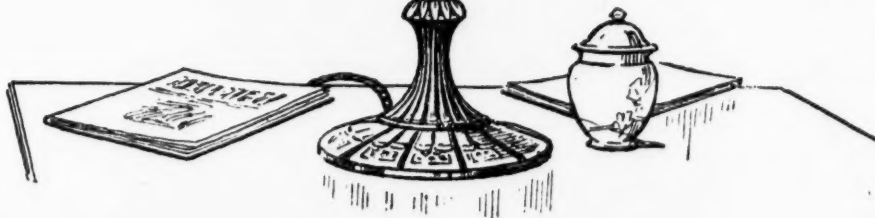
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you might be interested in a brief summary of his interesting story.

About the time Bessemer was struggling in England with his process for steel making Professor Maynard was returning from Russia where he had been examining and reporting on mines in the Ural mountains. He spent some time in London where Bessemer, knowing of his work on steel metallurgy, got him to help him in his chemical analyses; he aided Bessemer and helped him to perfect the Bessemer process. On account of such help Bessemer gave Professor Maynard the right to bring the process to America. On his return Maynard tried without success to interest Philadelphia parties and finally took it to Andrew Carnegie. The Professor, like so many of his kind, being a scholar and a gentleman and not up to the ways that are dark of American Big Business, trusted the Scot and took his word for giving him an interest in the new process. It was all turned over to Carnegie on his verbal promise to protect Maynard. When Carnegie got possession of the Bessemer rights he ignored and forgot all his promises and practically stole the process which was the basis of his large fortune—that and the blood-money made from his employees as was demonstrated in 1892 during the Homestead strike. Maynard asked him for financial help in his declining years and got no reply. I should like an account of their meeting on the other side. I would prefer Maynard's position there to that of the canny robber Scot.

FRANKLIN PLAYTER.

Otto Louis Teichmann

1865-1919

By Charles Edwin Hutchings

Many men in St. Louis have known Otto L. Teichmann longer than I have been privileged to call him my friend; few have known him better; none has loved him more.

With multifarious duties pressing upon him, he accepted, a few years ago, a public position just vacated by Henry C. Haarstick after a quarter-century of service. In my innocence I had thought that the public and the board were paying Mr. Teichmann a compliment; I did not then know that he was so much wanted, that he was so tremendously needed, by every group of public men in St. Louis, and that he was taking this hard-worked and unpaid place chiefly at the solicitation of Mr. Haarstick, who had known him from his birth, and whom Mr. Teichmann felt deeply honored to follow.

That blithe spirit, that bubbling and boyish humor, that insuppressible verve and gusto!—the magnetism that irradiated from him and captivated all men, women, babies and lost dogs that came near! A gallant gentleman has gone from us, after much suffering bravely borne. He trod the earth like a king, yet with more than the humility of heart of a subject. Was there any quality, any attribute, that a man requires that Otto Teichmann had not?—knightly honor, courage, charity, faith, hope, loyalty, optimism, fealty? Intelligence, keen humor, personal charm, in-

dustry (too much for his own good) he had seen men and women of every strain of blood in our Union pay solemn tribute to this superb fellow. Then, when all at once we felt that something unspeakably good and fine and square had gone out of our lives, we said, humbly: "All grief like this is selfish. We mourn because we were wont to receive so much from Otto Teichmann that was ineffably rare and not to be had from anyone else. Let us not grieve selfishly for our own loss. And if we have any faith in the Great Providence, let us not think that he will ever be less than he was here. Let us not be overborne—Otto Teichmann would not be overborne by life or death or any creature. He was the captain of his soul."

We—two of us who had been all but crushed when we learned that there was no hope for that ardent life—walked through the sparkling September sunlight into that land that overtops St. Louis; and just where Longfellow and Hawthorne boulevards spring left and right, there from the slender, stately staff floated the flaming flag of our country, at halfmast—sign and symbol that all Compton Heights was in mourning for a much-loved friend and neighbor. But that brave banner whispered, as the winds rustled its silken folds, that all of St. Louis, all of America, would be in mourning if only they had been privileged to know this man whose stricken body was this day to be given to the clean and kindly flames.

And we walked home again, after we

Then we thought again, with an inner glow, of his gay and boyish laugh, and of the soldierly contempt that he had flung at Fate when her dagger had been thrust at him out of the dark many a time before! Last May, when Nature, in remonstrance at his lavish spending of himself for others' good, brought him to book with a spastic grip on his heart and the walls of his life-stream, and then gave him back to us, he walked

"THE CHOICE"

By
MAURICE WEYL

The best reviewed novel
of 1919

"A first novel by an author who, in some phases of the art of novel writing, is without his superior among modern novel writers."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"It is all so much a part of life, so true a portrayal in every respect, that one must waken himself now and then to the fact that he is reading a story instead of actually looking on at the set of inconsequences that commonly underlie the matrimonial choice."—*Washington Star*.

"We shall have to add one more notable to the current American list."—*The Evening Sun*.

"The Choice is the best modern novel I have read in a long, long time. It is clean, it is sophisticated, it is well written."—*Mr. H. B. Sell, Chicago Daily News*.

"Here, amazing to discover, is a new novel all about respectable people behaving in respectable fashion, and yet legitimately interesting. Can the author, Maurice Weyl, of *The Choice* be flying in the face of fiction?"—*Chicago Herald-Examiner*.

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unafraid in his old paths, with that same thoroughbred air, and said to me, lightly: "I thought I was gone, but it's all right, now. Got to be careful for awhile, though."

He knew all men, he served all men, he trusted all good men and believed all men good; and all men in return loved him. In fifty-four years, which left the impress of only forty, he lived more than coarser clay lives in a century. We knew him, we loved him, we have lost him—for a day. A gallant gentleman has stepped from among us.

Marts and Money

Quotations on the New York stock exchange still are sharply affected by feelings of uneasiness and apprehension. Daily gossip concerns itself chiefly with reports of labor troubles, actual or prospective, and also with the dismally low rates for important foreign exchanges. Moreover there's circumspect calculation respecting the last weekly statement of the Clearing House banks and trust companies, which discloses a reserve deficit of \$53,000,000. This is the third or fourth time that the institutions report shortage in this respect since January 1. Necessarily, it is believed that conditions presage another rise in call rates. The prevailing charge is 6 per cent. At present and for some time to come funds will flow in large volume to the agricultural regions of the West and South, though it is not likely that the drain will be as serious as it is expected to be in some quarters, representative institutions in the farming districts having made careful provision in the past two months for probable requirements. It must be recognized, apropos of this, that the monetary tension is emphasized by exceptionally high prices of labor and commodities.

With regard to the foreign exchange situation it must candidly be admitted that it is bad, not only relatively, but absolutely. Although slight improvement is noticeable in British, French, German and Italian quotations, the state of things remains critical and insistent—calls for remedial intervention not only on the part of financiers, but also on the part of interested governments. According to a cablegram from London, "the financial difficulties and consequent disturbance to commerce and trade, arising from continued depression of European currency, are beginning to cause alarm in all European capitals, the newspapers of which are discussing the urgent necessity of some system of co-operation among the allies aiming at stabilizing of exchanges."

U. S. Steel common, though down about five points, may justly be said to have withstood the selling pressure strikingly well. The current price of 101 compares with 106¾ a week ago and a low notch of 96½ in May. Similar declines are indicated by other prominent steel stocks, the most extensive—\$10.75—being that in Crucible Steel common, now rated at 176¼. This issue has lately been placed on a 9 per cent dividend basis. It can scarcely be said that it is a real bargain at price

named, the net yield being too small, when compared with that on U. S. Steel common, which is now classed among desirable stock investments.

Railroad shares were relatively steady in the past few days, and it was quite apparent that the floating supplies had been reduced to small proportions, as a consequence of the long period of liquidation. Union Pacific common is down to 120¾, the lowest price so far in 1919. This compares with a low mark of 109¾ in 1918. Reading common, one of the leading issues in the railroad department, indicates a loss of a little over two points. Its quoted value of 77¾ compares with a minimum of 70¾ in 1918. The stock sold at as high a price as 115½ in 1916. Existing levels are certainly invitational of consistent buying not only of first-class issues of shares of this category, but likewise of such as are valued at from 25 to 55. Sooner or later, the upward movement will be resumed with vigor and substantial successes all along

the line. Most all representative railroad bonds show declines varying from about a half to one and a half points.

There was considerable liquidation of St. Louis & San Francisco income 6s for a day or two, and brokers declared that they felt puzzled concerning the origin of the selling. It may be surmised that in this as also in many other instances offerings emanated largely from parties who had been badly caught on the wrong side of the market in recent months.

In times of unsettlement in financial markets, good bonds retain a satisfactory degree of negotiability. Liberty bonds are notably firm. Their resiliency connoted quite clearly that the weight of offerings, which had so long handicapped efforts to bring about material recoveries, had been lifted to an extent gratifying to owners. There's as yet no probability, however, that quotations might be raised in important ways. In case of recurrence of a period of sharp depression in general economic affairs, mon.

the selling of Liberties would be enlarged to a disagreeable extent. It is conceded by informed bankers that a material portion of liquidation in the general bond market is supplied from foreign sources. Statements to this effect are supported by the increasing number of "seller 30 days" contracts.

The Seaboard Airline adjustment, U. S. Steel 5s, and American Smelting & Refining 5s were particularly conspicuous among European offerings. American and Baldwin Locomotive display remarkable recuperative power. The last-named still is quoted at the notable price of 127¾. This is near the highest level ever attained in the company's history. The strength and popularity of equipment issues still is based upon optimistic conjectures with respect to foreign contracts for American cars and locomotives. Professional operators are of the opinion that there yet exists a large short interest not only in Baldwin but also in American Locomotive com-

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Answers to Inquiries.

QUERY, Bonnetterre, Mo.—(1) The 5 per cent bonds of the U. S. Steel Corporation are a first-class investment. They should be picked up without hesitancy on any further marked decline, say at about 97½. Price has so far held up well under the depressive influences of news affecting the general market and the corporation in particular. Last year's low point was 96. Since then the high mark has been 101½. Ten years ago they were as high as 108¼. Absolute minimum—65—was set in 1903. Don't be deterred from buying by Wall Street's simulated agony over strike threats. (2) Lehigh Valley collateral trust 6s, falling due September, 1928, now selling at 100½, may justly be regarded as a desirable purchase. So far the high point has been 103¼. Liquidation has not been in large volume in recent weeks, and a drop to 96 seems decidedly improbable.

H. E., St. Louis.—Sweets Co. of America is a promising long range proposition. Has been quiet for some weeks. Capitalized at \$3,000,000, par value \$10. Properties located in Brooklyn. Has contracted with tobacco companies for distribution of some of its most popular manufactures in numerous

cities. Stock was introduced on the curb far has been 15¼. Now 14.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—St. Louis & San Francisco Railway Co. adjustment 6s, quoted at 62½, are not overvalued, considering the remoteness of danger of interest suspension. Payments have been made at regular intervals since reorganization. Sold at 89½ in 1916. Never sold below 52¼. In case of a fall below 60, say to 59, an additional purchase would be commendable. Oil development in the Southwest will have very favorable effect on company's earnings.

REGULAR, Fort Collins, Colo.—(1) Colorado Fuel & Iron common still is a speculative investment of unquestionable intrinsic merits. Ultimately stock should sell above 80. Company favorably located for securing bulk of trans-Missouri steel business. Properties controlled of great and rapidly growing value, comprising thousands of acres of coal and iron ore lands. Stock has had sufficient decline from 56 to 43, but may for a few days recede below 40. If so, will be promising buy. (2) You should retain your American Beet Sugar common. Sugar trade position foreshadows substantial gain in earnings, insuring maintenance of 8 per cent dividend rate. You will make no mistake by holding for several years.

Coming Shows

Almost everybody has read "Seventeen." Booth Tarkington's story of William Sylvanus Baxter, Jr., and laughed at that young man's semi-tragic efforts to secure a dress suit in which to dazzle his lady love.

Not the least among the enthusiasts was Stuart Walker, producer of the play "Seventeen," which comes to the Shubert Jefferson theatre for one week starting Sunday evening, with matinees on Friday and Saturday instead of the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Mr. Walker's enthusiasm was of the usual "up and doing" variety—after many readings his delight in the charm of the story of "youth and love and summertime," as Mr. Tarkington has subtitled his story, urged him to make a translation. This translation from fiction to drama, from book to stage, will be seen for the third time in St. Louis, with Gregory Kelly and the original New York company.

Those who didn't see "A Tailor-Made Man" last year shouldn't fail to go to the American theatre next week where it plays a return engagement, for its deft blending of comedy, business and philosophy will provide anyone with an evening of fun and pleasurable memories. Never did a man achieve more in an evening than did John Paul Bart with a borrowed evening suit and his ready wit. From a humble tailor's assistant to the adviser of Big Business and the favorite of society was his progress in one night. Harold Vermilye plays the title role.

"The Sirens" is a new musical tabloid that will lead the Orpheum bill next week. There are thirteen of these alluring maidens playing around that popular comedian, Frank Dobson, and there is a quasi-plot to hold together the jests, music and dancing. The production is one of rich scenic and sartorial effects. George MacFarlane, baritone star of "Miss Springtime," is another musical treat for Orpheum patrons next week. Other numbers are "Follies of Song and Dance" by Wallace Bradley and Grette Ardine with Irving Fisher at the piano; George Rockwell and Al Fox, well-known "nuts," will give a squirrel act; James Thompson aided by Al Petrie appears in "The Camoufleurs;" Frisco, the xylophone jazz artist, comes direct from his New York triumph; and Mortimer MacRae and Gertrude Clegg will present "The Intruder and the Queen on the Wheel."

"That's Going Some," a musical comedy of the abbreviated type that differs considerably from the usual stereotyped girl act, and H. B. Warner, the famous English actor, in his latest screen triumph "For A Woman's Honor," will be the principal attractions on the Columbia program for the last half of the current week. George Wagner is the featured comedian in the musical comedy and he has an able running mate in Jack Hart, who possesses a beautiful tenor voice. Adelaide Carpenter is the leading lady. She has a charming soprano voice and offers the musical numbers with Hart in the most acceptable manner. Other numbers are Miss Mildred Morton, a gifted St. Louis vocalist; May, Kilduff and Allerton, a trio of excellent comedians; Polly, Oz and Chick, in a clever number; and Fox, Benson and Company, in "The First Degree."

"Fashions A La Carte," a novel fashion review with beautiful girls in music, song and dance, will be the headline number on next week's bill at the Grand Opera House. This is one of the prettiest and most artistic novelties yet presented in vaudeville. "Marquettes Manikins," an elaborate comedy marionette production, will be another leading feature. The Strand Trio, talking and singing comedians, will offer popular songs and patter. Arthur Rigby, premier blackface artist; Church Sisters, two winsome dancers; Carle and Inez, in nonsensical oddities; Galbin and Bath, singing and talking; Billy Lang, xylophonist; Walter Lewis, instrumentalist; the Mutt and Jeff and Arbuckle Comedies, St. Louis and Animated Weeklies and Dittmar Animal Pictures will complete the bill.

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Translations

Few toilers in the world of letters come less within the public ken than the translator. The fruits of his labor are ranged on shelf after shelf of the library; they can be traced in the columns of every journal. And yet, except for the fact that he affords a favorite source of criticism for book reviewers, his work usually passes without notice or comment. But whether or not this seclusion has been his choice, circumstances have dragged him into a place of prominence that many, more noted than he, might eagerly have sought. The responsibility which the translator and the interpreter were summoned to assume at the Peace Conference was unique, and their conspicuous presence in all phases of the momentous discussions prior to the signing of the peace treaty afforded a curious demonstration of the real value of their activities, and provided a better understanding of their place in the social structure.

They were associated with the councils and commissions charged with preparing the plans and details for peace; they penetrated into the most select and secret conclaves of the plenipotentiaries; and they were summoned to officiate at the great polyglot assemblage that met in the halls of Versailles to cement a world peace in the beginnings of a League of Nations. There they sat, unknown perhaps, yet indispensable, the only bulwark between business and Babel, with whole nations relying on their good faith and accuracy, transmitting from one delegate to the other the words that made history anew. Thus did the obscure translator emerge before all the world, proving himself a principal agent through whom ideas passed from one country to another, and through whom peoples must effect the closer relationships of the new era.

No doubt such handing over of ideas is a clumsy, roundabout method for friendly communion between peoples. And so it seemed at Paris and Versailles, when the political leaders of the nations came together, yet were unable to make their exchange of views without summoning the middleman to translate them. For if the chosen few of the nations, sitting at a single table, could not converse directly, how far removed from a perfect understanding of each other must be the people they represent, separated as they are not only by dissimilitude of language, but also by wide distances, mountains, and seas. Nevertheless, unless a universal language can be made use of, the translator must continue to provide the means of international intercourse. Through him must pass the increasing stream of letters, books, papers, and pamphlets by which democracies seek closer acquaintanceship with each other in matters of politics and culture.

The masterpieces of each nation the translator has never failed to make common property in all countries. But the new era will demand that he translate more works of minor excellence, works less aloof from the common crowd than those of the towering genius, writings of every kind and on every subject, rep-

resenting more fully the progress of ideas among the nations.

Not less important than the selection of properly representative works for translation is the ability of the translator properly to interpret them. The process of translation is not purely mechanical; it is not the deciphering of a code. It demands an abundance of sound judgment and literary ability. The reader cannot be expected to struggle through a translated work, however eminent the author, if the translator, for his part, has not fashioned a version with a corresponding breadth of style and perfection of composition. How many of the great writers of Greece and Rome have lost a mighty reputation, in the eyes of the student, through the dull, literal translation of some cheap series? And how many operas and songs have been reduced to ridicule through the unskilled work of an inferior translator? Indeed, the knowledge of two complete vocabularies is not sufficient for a translator. Not only must he be familiar with the foreign words, but he must be able adequately to interpret the ideas of the original work in another language. At the same time, like the actor, he must conceal his own personality lest it obscure the identity of the author himself. Consequently, there is need for much compromise and careful adjustment in a good translation, and those readers of translated works gain the most who are mindful that another judgment has intervened between the author and themselves, and who realize that the original writing has reached them in readable form by dint of painstaking work, and over a circuitous route.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Schoolboy Phonetics

"Walter Jones," said the teacher sternly, "you are not attending to the lesson. Did you hear Jessie Smith's description of the American product, hominy?"

"Yes'm," replied the small boy glibly.

"All right, then. Give me a sentence in which you bring in the word correctly."

With the courage of despair, Walter replied:

"Hominy marbles have you?"

New Use for a Quarantine Sign

During an epidemic in a small Southern town every infected house was put under quarantine. After the disease had been checked, an old negress protested vigorously when the health officers started to take down the sign on her house.

"Why, Auntie," exclaimed the officer, "why don't you want me to take it down?"

"Well, sah," she answered, "dey ain' be'n a bill-collectah neah dis house sence dat sign went up. You-all let it alone!" —*Harper's*.

"Look here, Dan, what's the use o' blowin' in money on a lawsuit? Why don't you an' Casey settle it out o' court?"

"Settle ut out o' court? Look at the size o' him." —*Life*.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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"For cigarette packages the fancy-colored paste-board box no longer seems to be the mode."

The Real Thing as sure as you live

Believe it or not—it's a fact.

That simple, soft foil Fatima package is today America's most fashionable package for cigarettes. Most fashionable because most widely used by those men who know "what's what" in smokes.

At the big hotels and clubs, at smart resorts such as Palm Beach and Atlantic City—even at Newport itself—the Fatima package now holds the prestige formerly held by the fancy, expensive paste-board box.

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Instead of containing *too much* Turkish as do the expensive, straight Turkish cigarettes, Fatima contains *just enough* Turkish—just enough to *taste* right and just enough to leave a man *feeling* right, even when he smokes more than usual.

You, too, will be proud of Fatima's package as soon as you test Fatima's quality.

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